

Godly Courting

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Godly Courting

by [Xobit](#)

Summary

The War God Megatron is trying to court the River God Optimus, but so is the Volcano God Sentinel. And now Optimus has to choose between them.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Optimus huffed heavily and watched as the bubbles rose towards the surface of his river home. Here it was slow and calm, a wide silver snake through a flat landscape. Mortal mechs came to it and fished after the fishoids that lived in his realm. A lot of different creatures did the same, some on four legs, other with wings... some with more or with neither.

He needed that calm, really needed it!

Being caught between two very powerful beings was not his idea of an ideal place to be. And what was worse was that he didn't really understand how he had gotten there in the first place.

"I am enchanted..." Optimus turned away from the big purple mech greeting one of the other river gods, he did not want to be there and he certainly did not want to be witness to any more courting. Of the four major river gods only one had found a mate... It was not likely that there was another moon god out there to tame the waters of his river.

Whoever was attempting to woo Rodimus would find that a river ran as it would and its god went with it. Jazz was the least powerful of them all and yet he had managed to gain the attention of the moon god...

They had all had many suitors, as their Creator, the god of ice and oceans Alpha Trion, was one of the most powerful of the elemental gods. While he was mated with the god of time himself, the great Vector Prime, the pairs' four creations had been a bone of contention for all major powers in the world of the gods for centuries.

Prowl had set his optics on Jazz and wooed him carefully indeed, was it any sin that the rest of them wanted the same? Prowl was the god of the smallest of the two moons that circled Cybertron, his Carrier was Yokeatron, the god of the biggest moon, and his Creator was the god of Frehley's Comet and of exploration, Lockdown the wanderer.

Who was left for the rest of them on this world? No lesser god would possess the power needed for a mating of sparks.

"Which one are you?" the question was rude, and so was the mech who had placed himself squarely in Optimus' path. Around the same size as him, but far more blocky, almost squareish... dark blue plating with accents in a glaringly burnt yellow color. The mech's optics were a malevolent orange, smoldering as he waited, clearly impatient, for an answer.

"I am Optimus, oldest of," "Good! You were the one I was looking for, let's get this over with!" he almost gaped ungainly at the rude mech, godling, unable to accept that such rudeness actually existed.

"I am Sentinel, god of Cybetron's volcanoes, I am here to claim your hand and spark for a mating of equals," the mech actually managed to look... unhappy at the last part. Optimus just blinked at him, optics flickering as he grasped for something to say... anything! It was rude, undignified, and he wanted to throw his energon nectar in the mech's face!

"I do believe there is a conflict of interest then..." both of them turned to face the new mech and both of them had to look up. The mech was big, huge even, plating a dull pewter grey with slashes of darkness and bright red. "I too have come to court this lovely young god."

Optimus flickered his optics again, but this time it was not in shock over rudeness, but rather in shock over his own response to the idea of accepting a courtship... from anyone.

"Ah... forgive me, lovely river god, I have not even introduced myself!" the pewter gray mech bowed, reaching out to take his hand and kiss the back of it ever so delicately. It was an odd feeling, and odd indeed to see his hand all but dwarfed in the claw tipped paw of the stranger.

"I am Megatron, god of war and violence; I am guardian and patron to Thulsa Doom..." a patron god of another planet? Optimus was not sure if he should be shocked or flattered... and what a patron god, the war god himself! The one who held the god of death on tight reigns, or so it was said. The one who held the sky warriors' fate in his hands, claws...

That thought had Optimus look around in a quick motion, and sure enough the distinctive multicolored wings were close by. Not boxing them in, but certainly there for back up.

"What do you think you are doing?" the growl almost made Optimus cringe, volcano god or not... Sentinel had to be insane! No one spoke like that to the lord of war and violence!

"Declaring my intend to court... the same as you, volcano god," Megatron did not seem very impressed with Sentinel, and honestly neither was Optimus.

And Optimus had just realized what was truly happening.

A game of gods. With him as the prize...

Two gods had expressed an interest in his hand and spark, and he would have to choose between them. They would have a vorn in which to court him with gifts and displays of power, to dazzle him and win the affection his spark had to give.

And when the vorn was up... he would have to choose one. Unless he could prove that neither was a good match for him.

Sentinel growled and turned to storm off, his whole frame radiating heat and tempter. It left Optimus to look back up on the massive, dangerous war god.

"Uh..." so intelligent!

The war god looked at him with inscrutable red optics and then smiled... a slow, scary, and incredibly handsome smile.

"I will look forward to the vorn to come, young river god," and then he bowed, no kiss this time, again before leaving him in peace.

Optimus had little peace though; he was far too shaken by the encounters.

Of course it did not end there, much as it would have helped with his peace of processor. When nothing happened for the entirety of the next groon he decided that the volcano god had been discouraged and that the war god had only been kidding.

The first made him happy, the second... he was not at all sure about the second.

The inherent flattery in having the god of war and violence court him... he would be lying if he did not admit to some sense of pride. To his knowledge, the god of war had never courted any other god or godling.

It, however, seemed a moot piece of information since he was apparently not courting anyone this time around either.

It wasn't like he actually wanted to be courted...

By anyone.

Herding a school of fish away from the fisher mechs, who had already filled their boats, he huffed and attempted to wrest his thoughts to something less frustrating. That was why he was doing this task in the first place, he had plenty of water spirits for it, even a god could not be everywhere at once.

Leaving the school to settle in a new part of his home, he swam to the surface and hauled himself onto a rock to rest. He knew it would not help to think, but it seemed that no matter what he tried he still ended up watching Hadeen go down from a rock on the shore of his home.

"You are difficult to find," he nearly slid back into the river waters, too startled by the abrupt address and impolite tone.

"And you are not very graceful," the volcano god, of course. Optimus rather wished he could just ignore the other god, but he was not allowed to. The volcano god had expressed his interest and he was not allowed to just ignore that powerful a god.

Much as his rudeness deserved just that.

"I certainly did not make myself intentionally scarce, and you surprised me, my lord, I think a little gracelessness can be excused by startlement." it was as close to a reprimand as he dared come. He got up onto his rock and looked up at the mech, not bothering to transform his tail into legs.

"I suppose so... I have come to court you," did he have to look like it was a distasteful endeavor? though possibly that was his usual expression, he had certainly looked that way at the party too.

"Yes, I..." Optimus made a helpless gesture, not at all sure how to handle his entirely unwanted suitor.

"My creator is Nova Prime, the Patron god of Cybertron and the god of fire, my Carrier is Solus Prime, god Solus Prime, god of earth and rock. My lineage is pure and as powerful as your own," the volcano barreled on, as if Optimus had not been trying to speak at all. Did this mech even know how to be polite? And while that lineage was powerful... it was not as powerful as the line of Vector Prime! That was like saying that a planet or a stone was more powerful than time.

"Well, I do~,"

"So its really not that big a decision, you see? I have reach the age where even a god must think of offspring and having looked at who is available for bonding I have concluded that you are the best of the lot. I didn't think that anyone else would want you, but I know the rules and I have come to give you this," Optimus swallowed his annoyance at being interrupted again, not to mention the sheer unadulterated arrogance of the words, and looked at what he was offered. After all it could simply be that Sentinel Prime was... inept at social interaction.

It was a salamander sprite. Glowing white hot and looking... less than pleased. No wonder, sprites were intelligent beings in their own right and very much belonged to their elements, in this case fire. This sprite would survive for all of a breem, or less, if he took it into his home unprotected. And if he protected it it would be living in a virtual prison...

"Uh... Thank you? But I don't think I can take this lovely creature," he was searching for words really, because he could hardly grasp the thoughtlessness that lay behind the offering of such a gift as this. Towards him, he would never use sprites of any kind like this!, and towards the poor salamander sprite also. It certainly had not chosen to be here.

"What? Why? What is wrong with it? It's a perfectly good sprite, one of the more powerful ones even," and if that did not clinch it! Sentinel looked like he had been forced to swallow something bitter, angry, and disdainful.

"I-it wouldn't survive very well in my realm," he had to bite his glossa not to add something insulting to that. He did slap his tail fin against the rivers surface as emphasis though.

"A simple protection spell would do it, its not like a sprite can't live fine in a force bubble!" Sentinel sniffed but conjured the creature away, to Optimus' great relief. "But very well, if it is not good enough for you, I will have to figure something else out," and with that he disappeared. In a typically godly manner, leaving Optimus with dried out and itchy plating. Really! The least the mech could have done was forgo the theatrics, fire and water was a bad mix!

Hopefully the mech would have to think for a long time before he returned!

The second time around he was offered a living flame, there was no problem with that except that the spell used did not remove the heat it gave off. Taking that into his water home would have made part of the river boil.

Optimus unfortunately could not call off the courting because of two inconsiderate gifts and a little, or a lot, rudeness. And Megatron had still not arrived to put in his effort. That meant that he would have no choice but accepting Sentinel's suit unless something happened...

Ten groons into the suit it seemed unlikely.

There was one good thing though, his beholden mechs had begun to leave him trinkets in tribute. It was very odd, but it cheered him immensely. He had never asked for such of them, but the beautifully carved and polished jewels were something he loved so very much.

All river gods loved jewels and metal, shiny things. Like the creatures that lived in their realms. He knew the stones too, and wondered about them, maybe it had something to do with the displays Sentinel made when he came and went, rubies after all were hardly tied to water with their rich fire spark colors.

He found carved ruby pearls, small delicate things he could pull on thin silver chains. And small pendants that could be put on chains or attached to his finials. Even living rubies that would attach themselves to his armor and could grow on there if tended to...

If not for the continued lack of understanding showing in Sentinel's rude talking and inept gifts, he would have thought these trinkets came from the volcano god. After all, one of the things associated with rubies were fire...

The truth did not even occur to him.

"I see you like my tokens of affection," Optimus twisted around, surprise showing in his widened optics and pliant dermas forming a near perfect 'O'.

He had been sitting on his usual rock, singing quietly to himself while he pulled yet more ruby pearls on a chain to wear. As usual he had his tail in the water and was watching Hadeen set while working. The last mech he had expected to speak to him was the patron god of Thulsa Doom.

"Y-your tokens?" even as the question fell he realized his mistake, yes, rubies were the stone of fire... but it was fire in all its meanings. The stone of passion, the stone of war, the stone of violence, the stone of fire, and the stone of death. It was far more Megatron's mark than Sentinel's...

"I fear I did not realize they came from you, my lord, but I can confess to love them..." his smile was a little bit unsure, and his tone wavered a little. He had gotten so used to rudeness and temper from Sentinel that he hardly knew what to expect from Megatron now that he had made the mistake.

"That is hardly the point, lovely one, and it is I who most apologize. I am aware of how terribly rude I have been, letting you wait this long for my true courtship to begin. I can only excuse myself poorly with the fact that my realm of work is large and not so easily given into the hands of others, even for courting to be done. And I had not anticipated competition... a vorn hardly seems enough time to give you the courting you deserve," Optimus stared up at the giant, expression stunned and dermas once again parted in surprise.

What to say to that? To such eloquence when he had gotten used to near insults and something that seemed to be more hate than love... and all these tokens? All these beautiful, shiny jewels...

"I can hardly find words! My lord, truly, you have nothing to apologize for. One's realm must come first, after all," his was a very well managed one and even he would have needed a few groons to make sure nothing would go wrong if he left if for more than a few vorn! "and I hardly think I deserve all of this..." he held up a handful of tiny rubies, a mere fraction of what he had received.

“You deserve so much more, lovely one, and I will do my best to give it to you... now and if you should deign to choose me at vorn’s end,” Megatron crouched down, and then settled on his abdominal plating. For a moment it confused Optimus, but then he realized that the war god was trying to find a way to not loom over him.

Another thing Sentinel had never bothered with.

“Thank you kindly, my lord,” Optimus shyly cast his optics down and fiddled with the length of chain in his lap.

Luckily Megatron proved to be a deft conversationalist and soon enough he had Optimus talking as if the start had not been awkward at all. They talked about serious things, but also about none serious things, and the war god was surprisingly good at sensing and dispelling tension before it became a hindrance to them.

He never stayed beyond his welcome, and never intruded when there was work to be done.

The same could not be said for the volcano god. Sentinel became aggressive, juts to add to the unpleasantness and rudeness of the rest of his nature. As soon as he figured out that Megatron had returned to do good on his word of challenge he became... inescapable. As if the winner of the courting would be the mech who monopolized most of his time.

All he did was manage to convince Optimus that he could not ever live with bonding him. If he was impossible now, how would he not be when he had an actual claim on him?

His time with Megatron was much shorter but far more pleasant, filled with conversation, laughter, and interesting mechs.

Yes, the god of war did not court him by keeping him in the dark. He met Starscream, the god of death, patron of one of Thulsa Doom’s many moons. He also met the sky warriors, the kin of the god of death, the patrons of the rest of those moons.

That was something he loved, even if they were a rather scary group of gods. But as a river god he loved getting to know others... his home stretched out over almost a whole hemisphere on Cybertron. It ran past the homes of gods and godlings alike, and he visited with many of them. Now he was getting to know those he would have had little hope of meeting before.

Sentinel... gave him the sense that he was to be put on a pedestal and that he was expected to stay there. As if he had nothing better to do than be the volcano god's pretty mate!

Yes, it was annoying him.

And the groons ticked by ever so slowly...

The pendant was the only gift Megatron had ever personally given him in hand. Optimus did not know what to think of it. There was one groon left and the god of war had just told him that he would not come back before very last orn, to give him time to make his decision...

It was truly beautiful. The faceted gem sparkled in the least little bit of light, even down in the water. And it was completely clear, not one flaw, always warm to the touch... a spark created gem if he had ever seen one, a rare gift even among bonded gods.

Had he been looking to know if Megatron was serious, then this was the answer. No one made a

spark gem without a good reason... It was rather awing to know that *he* was a good enough reason for Megatron. And a little frightening, for he truly did not know what he felt for the god of war.

Of course he was going to choose him. There was no question there, but what did he *feel* about him...

When three orn did not produce any answer other than, 'I miss him', he took to working... and staying under water where Sentinel could not find him. He only came up at night, to see if any offerings had been left. It would not do to stress those beholden to him.

He found no more rubies, but he had not expected it. And yet it made him miss Megatron even more, he wore some of the rubies every day... just not the spark gem. Not yet... not till he figured things out.

It took him almost all groon.

And he was rather ashamed when he woke, curled up in his little sandy nest, realizing that he did not miss Megatron only for the company, the generosity, and his conversational skills. He liked the god, he felt good when with him...

He did not try to label the feelings, everything was too uncertain. But there was one thing he could do.

Traveling to the well spring of his home, where it was no more than a trickle coming forth of the ground under mountains, he used his magic to gain access to the true spark of his home. The underground lake was vast, filling a hundred caverns, all offering something spectacular to the optic.

It was a place he rarely visited and which only his family had seen. The place where his magic was strongest, and where he would need to be to make his bonding gift to the god of war.

A spark gem of the water element.

Optimus had never exposed his spark before, and found it hard even in the privacy of this place. Creating the gem was tiring, delicate work that left him so exhausted that he recharged right there on the soft sand of the central cavern's floor.

As soon as he woke he brought it to the smith god Wheeljack and his mate, the god of metallurgy Beachcomber, who reverently fitted it in a beautifully worked pendant fixture.

"I chose Megatron, god of war and violence; guardian and patron to the world of Thulsa Doom."

The gathering erupted, Sentinel yelling furiously, actually daring to threaten the god of war. The sky warriors were trilling in victory, lead by the god of death who was at the same time glaring dangerously at the volcano god.

"Silence!" Unicron, god of the sun, always presiding over such things as this, roared, his glow flaring with his temper. "I will not tolerate such insolence, Sentinel god of volcanoes! The god of the river Soong has made his choice. You will respect it!"

In the end, a trine of gleeful sky warriors were allowed to drag the enraged god out so that the courting could come to its end.

"I am honored that you would choose me, Optimus, I hope that I shall prove everything you want and need in the vorns to come," Optimus could do nothing but smile shyly and offer his gift to the

larger mech. Many had stared at the gem he wore, in awe and envy both.

When Megatron held up the large sapphire pendant, a ripple of hushed whispers broke out and Vector Prime actually rose, though his mate quickly got him to settle again.

His gem looked nothing like the one he had received from Megatron. It was a large, smooth drop that seemed to hold the color of clear water with sun shining on it. But it was not just one blue color, it was many. Like it was a drop of true water, caught in stasis and enlarged many times.

“You honor me, lovely one,” even Megatron’s voice held awe...

They waited the hundred vorn dictated, but only barely.

Optimus was truly happy, liking his home on Thulsa Doom almost as much as his river home. And loving Megatron all the more for the war god's concession of them living part time in his river home of Soong.

End Notes

Art-trade with DeviantArt Author shozurei

Beta

AKzeal

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